

## The Form.

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the white-washed walls,  
Where the dead and dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day;  
Somebody's darling, no young, no brave,  
Wearing still his pale, sweet face,  
Seen to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are curls of gold,  
Kissing the snow of that sunny brow,  
Pale are the lips of delicate mold;  
Somebody's darling is dying now;  
Back from the beautiful blue veined face,  
Brush every smoldering ember there,  
Cross his hands in signs of grace,  
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him where for somebody's sake;  
Murmur a prayer soft and low;  
One bright curl from the cluster take,  
They were somebody's pride, you know,  
Somebody's darling, no young, no brave,  
Was it mother's, sister's and white?  
And the lips of a sister fair,  
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love,  
Somebody's heart, somebody's life;  
Somebody's darling, no young, no brave,  
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer,  
Somebody's darling, no young, no brave,  
Looking so handsome, brave and grand,  
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## The Holt County Sentinel.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN THE COUNTY

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1877.

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VOLUME XII

"I haven't thought of it in twenty

years, Ada," exclaimed Mr. Phelps.

"but it is as fresh on my mind as if it

were yesterday."

His wife laughed till the tears came,

and seemed fairly rejuvenated by the

influence of a train of recollections.

And both then and afterwards during

the evening they stole frequent glances

at each other of a loving but keen

curiosity, animated by the impulse we

always feel when a portrait of the

memory comes so brightly to compare

it with the original as now preserved,

and note the changes. Often, indeed,

does it prove a severe test, and one to

be feared in its moral as well as in its

physical bearing.

Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were apparently

as oblivious of the children as if they

had been alone. But the latter, who

had observed their behavior with the

stoutest astonishment, now broke in

simultaneously:

"What is it? Do tell us quick!" cried

Kate.

"What on earth is the matter?" in-

quired Reginald, with a petulant curi-

osity.

"What larks!" said the irreverent

Bill.

It was a singular expression with

which Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, roused by

these importunate inquiries, turned

their eyes from each other to meet the

eager young faces about them. It was

as if they had just awakened to the fact

of their children's existence.

Children regard it quite as a matter

of course that they should forget their

parents, but recent with surprise and

quite genuine sense of grievance the

least sign of even a temporary obliv-

iousness of themselves on their parents'

part. The theory they go on is that

what is theirs is their own, and what is

their parents' is theirs too. The feel-

ing of these young people was some

astonishment, and a slight shock to

their sense of propriety, that there

should be any such things as secrets

kept from them in lives which they

had supposed to be so completely com-

mon to their use and held in com-

mon.

Mr. Phelps looking suddenly at the

children, with eyes focused for half a

lifetime before, actually failed for a

moment to recognize them. They in-

stantly recognized him just as inter-

lopers.

"Won't you tell us?" asked Kate of

her father in a subdued tone.

"Some day, perhaps. It is rather

too long a story for the tea-table."

"Bill," he continued, "do you think

you could catch me a boy to-morrow

night if they try that trick again? Don't

hurry him, but just bring him to me,

and I'll teach him a lesson he will re-

member."

"Why, George you are not going to

hurl the little fellow," said Mrs. Phelps,

quite as much in surprise as in protest,

for her husband was not generally

given to harsh methods of discipline.

The following evening was moonless

and rather cool. There is something

in such evenings that rouses the imp

of mischief in the juvenile bosom. Boys,

not having any sentimental nature, feel

the thrill and stimulus of spring ex-

clusively in an access of activity, and

a zest for out-of-door life, which boils

over in every sort of mischief against

indoor folk.

On such evenings as this, bands of

archers race about the streets, playing

"tag" and "bankball," while others

of the strings across the sidewalk in shady

spots, and from behind trees watch

with ecstasy and irrepressible laughter,

which too often betrays them, the trips

and falls of unwary pedestrians. Still

others are ringing door-bells and gloat-

ing from secure coverts over the ex-

asperation of the household, whose

company still can be seen by the light

of his lamp suddenly changing to an ex-

pression of disgust, as he finds himself

the victim of a family trick.

This little chap in roundabout, for

instance, is evidently brimful of im-

pudence. See him stealing along the dusky

street like an Indian cat, his bright

eyes peering on every side for oppor-

tunities for pranks. Now, just for the

amusement of it, he hides behind a bush

as a pedestrian passes, and then, pre-

tending to himself that he is scouting

him, he glides stealthily along behind

the unconscious object of his espionage,

with an immense affectation of caution,

till the latter turns in at some gate.

Now he sees another lad approaching,

and, glancing with excitement, puts

himself in ambush. See him quivering

like a cat about to spring. Now he

jumps out; there is a little scuffle, and

shortly the two fall to comparing

notes as to their exploits of the evening,

and plotting new ones. Oh, it is

rare fun to be a boy on such evenings

as this in a village where policemen

are unknown!

Mr. Phelps was reading his paper be-

fore the cheerful grate fire which the

cool evenings yet made more comfort-

able. Mrs. Phelps was sitting opposite,

her chubby person comfortably filling

an easy chair, her small gaiters resting

on the fender, and serving her eyes as

point d'appui for a complacent rever-

ie. Kate could be seen through the

open door sitting at the table in

preparation for tea. Reginald stood

looking out of the window, absently

drumming with his fingers at the pane.

At this moment there was a ring at the

door, a short scuffle in the hall, and an

instant later, Tot came running into the

parlor, crying out with much agitation

and immense eyes.

"Oh, papa, Will has got him, and his

Freddy Patterson, and oh! I'm afraid

he's hurting him," and with this she be-

gan to whimper.

"What on earth ails the child?" he

exclaimed her father. "What is she talk-

ing about?"

"It's those everlasting boys at the

bell again! I hope Bill will shake him

well," answered Reginald.

"Bless me, I had forgotten all about

it," said Mr. Phelps, jumping up. "He

must bring him right in."

"Now, George, don't do anything

dreadful," protested Mrs. Phelps.

"They're coming now," said Reginald,

at which Mr. Phelps took his seat

again and resumed his paper.

A moment after, Bill hustled a little

fellow about twelve years old, into the

parlor by the shoulders, and stood in

the door barring his escape. He was a

bright, sturdy, spirited looking lad, as

panting from the resistance he had

made to his captor, he stood fingering

his cap, and looking crest-fallen, fright-

ened, and yet half defiant. (It is the

very same little fellow who was playing

those pranks on the street a moment

ago. He has played one too many.)

Tot stood in front of him, her hands on

her hips staring at him, expecting

something tragical, and ready to cry.

Kate peered into the room over Bill's

shoulder, as he stood in the door, to see

what was the matter. Reginald was

nonchalantly looking on. Mrs. Phelps'

motherly heart at once warmed to-

ward the pretty little rogue, and she

turned toward her husband, ready to

intercede. And there he stood, ready to

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